#### FLORENCE'S ADVENTURE.

[H. Lennon in Philadelphia Call ] "Dearest, I am afraid you are dull here with only your grandfather and myself to keep you company," said Mrs. Danvers to her neice, a girl of eighteen. "What will you do this stormy afternoon-no callers, the piano out of tune, and your grandfather laid a up with gout?"

It was a somewhat dreary prospect for a young girl used to a large family and lively house, and Florence Danvers had been feeling rather as if she had wandered into a forgotten corner of the world; but now her grandmother's question roused her, and she tried to answer cheerfully.

right; it is very kind of you to be troubled with me while the children get over their scarlatina; it is a pity it looks so gray out of doors, but it does not rain, and I think I will just take a race and see what the sea is like: it will freshen me up, and then I will come in and do my letter writing."

'Don't go far, my dear," said Mrs. Danvers, "for it is hardly fit for you, the wind is

to high But Florence was out of the room before the old lady's sentence was finished, and in another two minutes was making her way to the cliffs, her head bent down, and her cloak held tightly round her in a fierce con-

test with the wind. At first her thoughts were rather gloomy. "Another month down here? How can I survive it? If only mother had let me visit at the Leighs instead; I would not mind if I was doing any one any good," she said to herself, "but the old folks are quite happy together without me, and, in fact, it rather worries them to have to amuse me. There I could have had masters, and gone on with my music, or indeed I would far rather have stayed at home; I am not afraid of the fever, and I could have sat up with liftle Laura, now nurse is so worn out. But here one seems to do no good with one's life; I have only to eat and dring, and take a walk and go to bed." And Florence heaved a deep

She had been reading a good deal lately upon the idle, useless lives girls often lead, and she was in a hurry, now that she was released from the school-room, to try and do better, to be very useful in this world, and then, just to spoil it all, as she thought, came tl is banishment to Sandham, her grandfather's place "Nothing to do indoors or out. She could not help wondering why God had allowed her to be sent there when He knew how auxious she was to do some good in the world. So she wandered on till she felt chilly, and merded her pace. By and by, for something to do, she bent her steps toward the cottage of an o'd woman who lived at the Point, as the place was called, where the cliffs took an abrupt turn westward.

Bridget More was bedridden, and always glad for some one to chat with. This time, however, Florence was a mazed and distressed to find the usually cheerful Irish woman si e entered, being unable to speak. It contained a few lines from the surgeon of the infirmary in the nearest town. "Your son, Robert More, has been brought

here suffering from concussion of the brain, | time and place, but will. having fallen off the cliffs near the town." "Cheer up, Bridget," said Florence, cheerfully, "it may not be so had. My father fell off his horse last year and had concussion of the brain, but he got well. I will ask my grandfather to send to the infirmary to ask after Robert. But how shall you manage without him? Who will attend to you now? You must have a little girl from the village." And Florence began to wonder who could

be found to wait on the old woman. But Bridget tried to stop her sobs while "It isn't Robert frets me, Miss Danvers; I

do not so much mind that-the lad's had many a crack on the head afore now; out it's the light, miss. He ought to be here to see to it, and I can't stir to do it," and she sebbed and wept afresh. Robert, the old woman's son, had charge of

simple, consisting merely of supplying the light with oil. That morning he had chanced to break the vessel containing the reserve oil, and had gone to town in quest of more cottage table stood the broken jar with a small remnant of oil in the bottom.

"He said the light would run down tonight,' sobbed the poor woman, "and this had weather there'll be vessels on the rock afore morning, and my Robert will have to bear the blame, and he sick in bed." "Isn't there enough oil there to run the

light till morning?" asked Florence, pointng to the jar. "Ay, ture: but never a soul has been near me since the bit of a child dropped the note and ran off, and me tied to my bed like a log."
"Let me fetch a man from the village,"

But the old woman shook her head,

"The time would't serve," she said, "this west wind, if a body ran straight for their lives, they couldn't only just get there and back before the tide comes in. "I will go," said Florence, "there is time for that; I know all about it; Robert showed

me how to put the oil into the lamp the day grandfather and I went over there"; and she took the pitcher in her hand. "The key. Bridget. Ah, I see it"; and before the old woman could get out the blessings, fears and warnings, which quickly tollowed another, Florence had left the cottage, carefully guarding the oil-can.

The path wound down the cliff, then skirted its base, and finally passed along the ridge of rock running some fifty yards out Farmer, when it was published at Winthrop time prior to her return to cansciousness the to see. This last was very slippery, as it was covered with water at high tide.

Florence went bravely on, however, only once stopping to gain breath, when the wind caught her hat and blew it far away. She did not attempt to recover it, for she already neard the roar of the odvancing tide and sa the white breakers approaching far too nea the lighthouse.

As quick as she could she pressed on. At lest she reached the tower, unlecked the deer and made her way up the steep stairs. As she said, she perfectly understood the simple process of feeding the lamp, and her

work was soon done. When she left the lighthouse, locking the door behind her, her heart felt ten times lighter than it had done an hour before, though a sense of shame came over her at the remembrance of her late discontent. "I slm ost reproached God for sending me

to Sandham," she thought, "and He had this work for me to do. How wicked, how foolish Itwas!" But Florence had little time for reflecting

on her past conduct; she was very unpleasently called to the present by a dash of spray in her face and a rush of water at her feet; the tide had so advanced that every now and then a wave leaped over the ridge

the was passing along. She tried to hasten on, but the wind battling loosened hair blew wildly across her face. affliction. The relief which is given by She pushed bravely forward, though now | Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to ankle deep in water, cheering herself with | be thankful for this great medicine. It disthe thought that when she got on the level beach she could get on faster. She would the digestive organs, Try Hood's Sarsaparthen, too, be further removed, she thought, lilis.

from the boiling waters which seethed angrily around this rocky ridge and stunned her with their noises.

Suddenly a dreadful mist seemed to dim her eyes-she turned deadly pale-could this yard's width of sand be all the footing left her? Had the tide come in so quickly as to

swallow up the rest of the beach? It was too true and before the terrified girl bad staggered on a few paces homeward an angry wave dashed over her, almost throwing her against the rocks. She cast a despairing glance upward. but the cliff in that part was too steep for human foot. She felt ilmost paralyzed with fear. Though she tried to cry for help she could form no sound. Another and another wave struck her. Just then some voice in the distance seemed to cry, "Back! turn back!" and she had just sense enough left to follow the diection. With difficulty she made "Oh, granny dear, don't mind me: I'm all her way back to the ridge, which, being a little higher than the beach, still gave a footing. There, just as self-possesston was failing her she felt herself seized by a man's arm and dragged hastily through what seemed a sea of boiling water toward | disease, but after the conditions became the cliff, farthest from the point. These the somewhat settled the disease was diagnosed strip of beach was a little wider, and for a semeningitis. The child's face was a bright second she would have stayed to gain breath: but the man urged her on, telling her there was not a second to lose. "We must make for the old pier," he said hoarsely. Florence struggled on, and at times only from being swept away by her stronger companion. Her strength was fast ebbing away, and hope again desested her, when the blessed sight of the old pier met her eyes. She made a vio-lent effort, and, half dragged by her companion, clung to one of the wet seaweedhung timbers. "There's naught for it but to climb this," said the man; "hold tight, while I go first and drag thee after." How Flor-ence ever managed to follow her guide, and how she reached the crazy pier above, she never could tell. "Saved at last, and thank God for it," said the man who helped her. But Florence had no strength even to say

Not for some days was she able to tell her tale to her terrified relatives. They had taken her on the evening of her adventure, wet and half senseless, without cloak or hat, from the arms of the man who had rescued her, and who described how he had seen the dangerous position of the girl on the beach as he was walking on the cliff above, and instantly made the best of his way toward her. Fortunately he knew the ground, and knew

the day after the accident, begged so earnestly that some one should be sent to look after the lighthouse and his beridden mother, that a trusty person was dispatched for

Old Bridget was discovered half-starved (no one having been near her since Florence's hasty visit the afternoon before), but quite contented, since the lighthouse had sent its beams into her cottage window all night.

Nothing will ever persuade Bridget that Miss Florence is not the greatest heroine that | ever trod the earth, and despite much headshaking over the dangers their darling had exhibited a wonderful degree of strength, passed through, Mr. and Mrs. Danvers are of the same opinion. Florence sees now that sobbirg most bitterly over a scrap of paper | no place is too dull or too small to do good which she pushed into Florence's hand as | in, whether it be the tiny matter of teaching a child to read, or the greater one of securing | slate that in her mind she held in front of the safety of ships laden with men's lives. There is always work to be had for the earnest laborer. Good works are not a matter of

Winter-Killed Vines.

[Farm and Garden.] When winter has passed away and the first days of spring appear, the fruit-grower (and those interested in horticulture) naturally enough goes forth to examine the condition of the orchards, vineyards, etc. He comes to a Delaware vine, or it may be some other variety subject to mildew; he cuts through the bark to ascertain its condition, and finds it black and dry. He at once decides that it has been injured by the winter, without ever stopping to think that it might have suffered from some other cause. Had he paused for little reflection on the weather during the latter part of the past summer, and called to mind the wet and humid atmosphere of August of several days in sucthe lighthouse, which stood on a rock easily followed again by shewers, he would no reached at low water. His duties were very doubt have remembered the fact that his cession, accompanied by scalding sunshine, vines were attacked by mildew, and that much of the foliage had fallen at least six weeks before it should, and before it had performed the funcwhen he had met with his accident. On the | tions required by nature-that of ripening the wood as well as the fruit. And here rests the true cause of the so called winterkilled vines, for when the leaves are once off no further progress is made in ripening either fruit or foliage. There are also other causes as well, that at times produce a similar injury; excessive dry weather during autumn at times injures the roots and arrests the progress of etoring the necessary chemicals required to properly ripen the wood, or excessive wet and warm weather in late autumn, followed by sudden and severe cold, with little or no frost in the ground, finds the plant in an unripe condition; the wood filled with thin, watery sap and unprepared for severe weather, and injured canes are the result. Had the season been a regular one the plant would have been properly ripered, and therefore pro-nounced hardy. But this damage is not usually discovered until spring, and therefore the blame rests upon the frost king. The same may also be said of peaches, raspberries and many other forms of vegetable life.

> How Long an Advertisement Serves. Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

One of Commissioner Ham's adventures at New Orleans is related by him as follows: "A little thing that made a great impression on me when I was a lad was an advertisement in rhyme, printed in the Maine cations of a wet cloth to them. For some by Dr. Holmes It ran as follows:

"Ezra Whitman to his friends. This humble notice, greeting sends!" "That couplet has come to me a hundred times in the course of my life. With Mr. Whitman I was not acquainted, and it was such a simple thing that I don't see how it became so fixed in my memory. One February day, at New Orleans, while my thoughts were far away from Winthrop, a fine looking, elderly gentleman, apparently about seventy-five years of age, came into the Maine headquarters.

"'Are you from Maine?" I asked, as l asked scores of people. "'I am. My name is Whitman,' he re-

"' In what part of Maine do you live?" " Wintbrop. " Mr. Whitman,' I said, do you remem-

ber a rhyme like this: "Ezra Whitman to his friends. This humble notice, greeting sends!" " I guess I do: I wrote t,' said he.

"Well, how long ago was that printed?" " Fitty two years,' said he, after thinking "Pretty good advertisement to last all that time, wasn't it?"

The pain and misery suffered by those who he was passing along.

Evidently there was no time to be lost. The distress of the body is equalled or surpassed by the confusion and tortures of the with her cloak sadly retarded her, and her | mind, thus making its victims suffer double

A FORTY DAYS' FAST.

An Extraordinary Case at Stamford, Conn. -Sadie Russell's Bemarkable Experi-

[New York Tribune.!

George Russell lives with his wife and three children in a two-story frame house at Main and Ann streets, in Algiers, as one section of the town of Stamford, Conn., is called. On January 27 his daughter Sadie, who is in her sixth year, after she came from school in the afternoon, was seized with a violent chill. Every effort was made to break it. without calling for professional aid, by the use of warm drinks and cloths, but it continned until the child was completely exhausted. asting about three bours. The chill was followed immediately by an intense fever, that was accompanied by a slight delirium. Becoming alarmed at her condition, Mr. Russell called Dr Rogers to see the child. There was such a variety of symptoms at first that it was difficult to deternine the nature of the somewhat settled the disease was diagnosed scarlet, but without rash. The pulsation of the arteries in the neck was increased to such an extent that each throb could be distinctly seen, and when felt by the fingers the blood could be distinguished running through the swollen vessels. There was a great disturbance in the organs of respiration. The breath, at times, was taken in short, quick gasps, which would be followed by a period in which the respiration was greatly prolonged, and taken so easily as to be hardly noticeable. Another psculiar condition was an increased sensitiveness of the entire surface of the body. The skin was exceedingly hot to the touch, and when slightly pressed seemed to produce distress The body could not bear the slightest weight, and even a sheet that covered the child induced discom-

In the early progress of the disease the patient was attacked by spasms of the most violent character. It seemed during their continnance as if the whole muscular system was involved. The head was drawn backward so that it stood at nearly a right angle with the body; the chest and abdominal region were drawn up into knotty protuberances. and the muscles in the legs were full of bunches and were twisted out of shape. The agony that the child suffered could not that he could get down the cliffs near the old | be told in words. She cried piteously, and in the height of the paroxysms her voice Robert More, when he came to his senses | could be heard in the neighboring houses. learn the cause of the heartrending wails.

noticed. A raging fever and frequent spas- their spray to the sun. modic muscular attacks continued for about three weeks. The child tossed in bed and threw herself from one end to the other of it, and in apparent attempts to get away from the terrible paroxysms. She could not stand the bedelothes upon her body, and it required a constant watcher at the bedside to keep her from being uncovered. She was wildly delirious during this period, and equal at times to an adult. As her mind wandered she talked about the ordinary incidents at school, went through her spelling lessons, and worked out examples upon a her. At recess she played with the girls, laughed at their merry pranks, and called them by name. She also had other forms of delusion. Her great difficulty, as indicated by her actions, seemed to be in her head. Her hands, when unhampered, flew at once to her head, and she pressed upon her temples and pulled at her hair.

About four weeks ago the fever subsided, the spasmodic contractions ceased, and she sank into a comatose state. The trouble in her head remained, however, for she frequently and involuntarily threw up her hands and struck her head a sharp blow. After she sank into the stupor she still exhibited great restlessness, that seemed to alternate with a quiescent condition, in which breathing was hardly perceptible, and the functions of the vital organs were performed slowly and weakly. The case was puzzling to Dr. Rogers, and he called a consultation, at which Drs. Birch, Hungerford, and Geib were present. The treatment that Dr. Rogers had given the child was approved by the consulting physicians, but they expressed surprise at the wonderful tenacity of the disease. They were unanimous in the opinion that the patient had hardly one chance in a hundred to live. Two weeks ago the physicians gave the child up and told her parents that it was useless to give her any more medicines; that nothing could be done for her relief. The little girl still remained in the comatose state, and the day after the physicians had given her up her parents thought that she was dead. There were no signs of breathing, and her father prepared to lay her out. She gave evidence before this was done that she was alive by breathing slowly. She lirgered in this condition, at one time appearing as if she were dead, after remaining in this state for some time apparently coming back to life. This hanging between life and death continued until last Friday, when a change for the better took place. The girl's breath came more naturally, and the gave evidence of returning consciousness by calling her sister Mamie, and after a few hours recognized her mother who had scarcely left her bedside since the child was taken sick, seven weeks ago.

According to the statements of the parents, the sick child has not taken any food from the time she was taken sick until last Friday, when she ate a little milk and beef tea, being a period of forty-five days. The child was unable to swallow, either from the effects of paroxysms or from physical inability to perform the act. In the early part of her illness she was able to take a little water, but seemed to have a dislike for food. Her lips were kept moist by repeated applifacial muscles and the right arm were partially paralyzed. This condition has improved considerably since Friday, and her general condition is much better, and she is able to take food in small quantities.

When in health the girl was undoubtedly pretty. She has long black hair and eyes that seem to be of unnatural size on account of the thinness of her face, which shows the least effect of her long fast. Her body is reduced to bone and skin, and she is virtually a living skeleton. Her skin is perfeetly white and transparent. She is so weak that she can not direct the motion of her hands, and cries at the sight of a stranger. No medicine has been given her for two weeks. The chances appear now in favor of her recovery. Mr. Russell is a mid-dle-aged man, well known in Stanford, where he has by hard work accumulated considerable wealth, and is the owner of several houses. His word is vouched for by those who know him, and he is said to be a men of truth and integrity. The case has excited great interest in Stamford, where it has been discussed daily, and no one doubts the statements of Mr. Russell that his little girl did not eat any food for forty days.

Anecdote of General Grant, The Albany correspondent of the Rochester Democrat relates the following incident of General Grant's relations with Ferdinand

"It appears that the General's friends had for some time advised him to shake Ward: but the old hero would not believe what was told him. At last he made up his mind to cut loose from the scamp. He went to Ward's office, a place he did not frequent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

and told Ward of his purpose. Ward ex-pressed regret that Grant should desire to leave a concern which was in such prosperons circumstances, but said that he would have the accounts written up at once. In a very few moments Mr. Ward returned from the book-keeper's desk and sa'd that it would require more time than he had supposed, and requested the General to come in again on his return to town next week. "I know you are too busy to stay now." he observed. When Grant came again Ward asked him if he still adhered to his purpose. The reply being in the affirmative, Ward went to an inner room, giving the General a newspaper to read. On coming out he handed Grant a check for \$1 500,000. Grant was astounded. "You don't mean that this is mine." he said. "It is your share of the profits " said Ward. 'Then I think it would be faolish for me to take it out You may give me \$25,000 to-day." And Ward raised the \$25,000 with great difficulty."

MR. COX AND THE SULTAN.

Glowing Description of an Interview by the New Minister to Turkey.

In the appointment of Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, as Minister to Turkey, the Ottoman Empire will find an old friend. Mr. Cox visited and made the acquaintance of the Sultan in 1881, and those who have read his book, "Orient Sunbeams," will observe that he is no stranger to Turkish customs. His visit to the Saltan he describes as fol-

"When word came to be ready for presentation to the Sultan there was an unusual flutter around our trunks and in our wardrobe. It was no ordinary occasion. Did not the blood of the 'Thunderbolt' run, though sluggishly, in his veins? Was he not the vitalar, if not the actual head, of nearly two hundred million of one faith? We pass palace after palace below the Towers of Europe. It is a splengid picture. The Do'ma-Batchke Palace is Corinthian, and here, when the Sultan Aziz was dethroned, fifty boatloads of his women were emptied out of the harem, but happily housed at the Seraglio.

"We are received in a style worthy of the spot. We are expected. We pass through the grand gateway of the quay and out upon the street. We enter gilded coaches driven by gold-laced coachmen, who light cigarettes. We drive between hot, yellow walls, within which are foliage, mosques, minarets and dome, until we are within the palace grounds on the hill. These precincts and persons passing frequently stopped te | are not romantic, nor is the palace oriental. It is marble and modern. No gazelles are After the first attack there were no chills ambushed under roses; no fountains send

"Assım Pacha is an elderly man. He stoops a little. He has silver bair, and no: much of that. Mr. Head, the Consul, points out, sitting on a red divan, the hero of Plevna, Osman Pacha. He is the Minister of War. He is built like General McClellan. His face is unmistakably oriental. His eye is large, black and lustrous. He is an equable, i ar dsome man. I caught his eye upon me, and held my bat with a tighter grip and fumbled for a cigarette.

"We formed in line behind the Minister and proceed under escort up the staircase to the audience chamber. We pass up between toldiers, fine large Circassians in their native array, who look at us impassively, African enurchs, in rich attire, stand like statues on the steps. Officers with side arms, and soldiers with rifles are in waiting. We halt a moment at the head of the stairs, and locking within through a large chamber, perceive in the grand saloon before us a well made man of medium size and of serene, almost melancholy aspect. He stands alone. He wears a blue uniform, with the inevitable fez. He holds a sword of golden sheath and jewe'ed hilt. A rich sash is over his shoulder. We approach in due order and make a formal bow. After several rather elaborate bows from the Sultan's filcers we await events. The Sultan raises his dreamy, languid, thoughtful eyes and his sallow face lights up a little. Then the con-

fabulation begins. "I confess to an enthusiasm for this monarch. He is a King, every inch, and without any dramatic ostentation, for I learn from our Consul that he deserves great regard for his rare ability. He is his own adviser, and the troubles and care growing out of the equivocal death of his predecessor, and with the populations of divers religious and races which he must reconcile to rule, he is not unworthy of the fame of Abdul Mejid, whose memory is to me a part of my earliest association in this city, whose praises

then were on every tongue.' Mr. Cox's book is an octavo volume of 407 pages, not less than 169 of which are devoted to glowing descriptions of the Bosphorus, the old Seraglio, the tombs of the Sultans, the howling dervishes, the Museum of Ancient Costumes and the dead Turkish Parliament.

Our New Minister to England.

[New York Evening Post.] A gentleman connected with Yale College writes to us, apropos of the nomination of Professor Phelps to be Minister to Great Britain: "Lest year Mr. Ambrose Tighe organized a series of lectures on contemporary questions, to be given before the undergraduates, allowing each lecturer free choice of subject. Professor Phelps at the very first selected as his subject 'Independence in Politics,' and delivered a rousing speech, taking the highest ground as to the superior claims of the character of the candidate over the claims of a party. This was a year ago, before Blaine's nomination was made, but during the campaign was remembered here by many of the young men who had votes. He is also a free-trader of every pronounced type. When he first came here he was lecturing one day to the Seniors on some law points connected with the forma-tion of the Constitution. He chanced in this connection to say that what the country needed in that early time was 'protection.' This caused a demonstration in the class-room, because most of the men who were listening to him were free-traders from the influence of Professor Sumner's teachings. When Professor Phelps saw the occasion of the uproar he hastened to say that what he meant by protection was military protection, and that on the question of the tariff he was in complete sympathy with Professor Sumner, and he added that he supposed the class knew what his views were. He is a very fine-looking man, of the most elegant manners, and a ready and interesting speaker. Mrs. Phelps, too, is famous for her beauty and social qualities. Everybody feels glad for ther good fortune, but depressed at the prospect of their leaving here."

Indigestion's Martyrs.

Half the diseases of the human family spring from a disordered stomach, and may be prevented by invigorating and toning that abused and neglected organ with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Let it be borne in mind that the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the muscles, the ligaments, the bones, the nerves, the integuments, are all renewed and nourished by the blood, and that the digestive organs are the grand alemoic in which the materials of the vital fluid are prepared. When the stemach fails to provide healthful nourishment for its dependencies they necessarily suffer, and the ultimate result, if the evil is not arrested, will be chronic and probably fatal disease somewhere. It may be developed in the kidneys in the form of diabetis, in the liver as congestion, in the muscles as rheumatism, in the nerves as paralysis, in the integuments as scrofula. Remember, how-

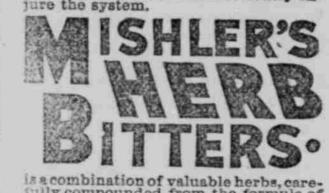
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Humphreys' Homeopathic Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes 21 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for \$5 SOLD BY DRUGG STR. or sent postpaid on receipt o

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Used herbs in doctoring the family, and her simple remedies DID CURE in most cases. Without the use of herbs, medical science would be powerless; and yet the tendency of the times is to neglect the best of all remedies for those powerful medicines that seriously in-



ully compounded from the formula of a regular Physician, who used this pre-scription largely in his private practice with great success. It is not a drink, but medicine used by many physicians. It is invaluable for DYSPEPSIA. KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, WEAK-NESS, INDIGESTION, &c.; and while curing will not hurt the system.

Mr. C. J. Rhodes, a well-known iron man of Safe Harbor, Pa., writes: "My son was completely prostrated by fever and ague. Quinine and barks did him no good. I then sent for Mishler's Herb Bitters and in a short time the boy was quite well."

"E. A. Schellentrager, Druggist, 717 St. Clair Street, Cleveland, O., writes: "Your Bitters, I can say, and do say, are pre-scribed by some of the oldest and most prominent physicians in our city." MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., . 525 Commerce St., Philadelphia. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails



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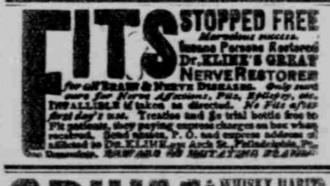
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THE SENTINEL boller uses this article.

### Reduction in the Price of Gas! Notice to Gas Consumers and Others.

Your attention is called to the marked reduction in the price of gas, which took effect on the lst day of March. The Company is now furnishing ess to all consumers at \$1 80 per 1,000 cubic feet. This price is certainly within the reach of all, for both lighting and cooking purposes. The convenience and comfort of cooking by gas, especially during the summer months, where a fire is not otherwise required, can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have had experience in its useful application for that purpose. The Com-pany has sold for use in this city during the last four years a large number of gas stoves, and is satisfied from the many testimonials from its patrons, that these stoyes "fill a long felt want."

STOVES AND GAS ENGINES FOR SALE AT COST.

men Gasoline Stoves changed to Gas Stoves at Shall expense.

Indianapolis Gas-Light and Coke Co. No. 47 South Pennsylvania Street.

S. D. PRAY, Secretary.

## Reduction in the Price of Gas!

Gas Consumers and Notice to Others.

Your attention is called to the marked reduction in the price of gas, which look effect on the ist day of March. The Company is now furnishing gas to all consumers at \$1.80 per 1,000 cubic leet. The price is certainly within the reach of all, for both lighting and cooking purposes. The convenience and comfort of cooking by gas, esperially during the summer months, where a fire is not otherwise required, can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have had experience in its useful application for that purpose. The Com-cary has sold for use in this city during the last four years a large number of gas stoves, and is satisfied, from the many testimonials from its pa-trons, that these stoves "fill a long felt want."

Stoves and Gas Ergines for Sale at Cost.

Electric Lighting and Gas Heating and Illuminating Company.

OFFICE: 68 East Market Street. HENRY DECKER, Secretary.

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